

2/2/67

Dear Mrs. Bradford,

Because you deprecate your beautiful State, I must tell you a story about my one visit to it in 1937. I'd just had an eye operation, and one of them wasn't working too well and was very bloodshot. I had an old 1937 Plymouth that began to overheat seriously as I got near Bath on my way to Seal Harbor. I waited for an hour or more in a General Motors garage and no one was interested in making a repair. Finally I asked when someone would get to it. It was then well after dark.

Because I had Washington tags I was told probably never, that nothing nothing and nobody from Washington was welcome there and so far as they were concerned anywhere. So I expressed myself with some fluency and limped into Seal Harbor that night, over roads that were being built or repaired. On the way back I stopped off at the first garage I saw, a small one and apparently a one-man operation. I told him I was from Washington, not at all ashamed of it if it was any of his concern, and would he care to look at my car. He wanted to know why and I told him. So he chuckled, was quite talkative, improvised a gasket, which is all that was needed, and when he was finished, refused to take a cent. He wanted one Washingtonian that all the people of Maine were not like painted.

An hour later I was, as boys do, highbelling down the road when I was stopped by a policeman. I was doing 80 miles an hour and had visions of steel bars. The cop, however, merely insisted I had passed him without signaling and wanted me to know that was not permitted in Maine.

Add these two incidents to your beautiful scenery and you see why I think yours is a wonderful State.

I do hope I can get there again, perhaps to speak on this subject. The day may come when a TV station might be interested. They usually fly you there and usually pay nothing but expenses.

Cute story about your son! Sure, I'm probably high on a number of hate lists. Nothing will happen. If I feared it would, or feared that more than I feared not doing what I've done and am doing, I'd never have started. The one time I die will be too soon. Until then I've no concern over it. There is too much that I cannot do that I want to, so I spend my worrying time thinking and working. That increases my workday no end. But thanks for your good wishes. One nice lady in Indians has a similar fear. She got a St. Christopher's medal, had it blessed and sent it to me asking that I wear it for both her and me, for she is satisfied that at least as I travel I'll be looked out for. I immediately got a chain, keeping it in my wallet until then, and I've not had it off since. It is a constant reminder of the obvious responsibilities and of the so many wonderful people who trust in and worry over me. I don't think she'll ever know how much I cherish her blessing.

Thanks for your interesting letter. Sincerely,